

THIS IS THE YOURNET BIBLE VERSION - THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE NEW
DUTCH BIBLE

BEHEMMA PART 1
CHAPTER 1-18

BEHEMMA 1-18

1.

The garden and the church

1. I walked through the garden. The wind blew softly in my face.
2. I was looking for something special, something I would never forget.
3. I looked into the distance at the mosaic windows of the church.
4. I saw a face waving at me from behind the unexplainable window. I smelled a soft breath of roses and daffodils, and I walked through the garden, to the church next door.
5. I entered the portal and wondered who I would meet there.
6. This church represents the free, heavenly fountain, which lives in everyone's heart, if one wants to live according to it.
7. Some will come closer to this fountain, others will leave it more and more.

The six flowers

8. There are six flowers in the house of Eli, the high priest of Israel, the chosen one. He was the softener of all softeners, and now God took him away, because he did not warn his children.
9. Samuel's tears will fall on his grave forever.

The first flower

10. Father Eli, this flower blooms from my heart for you. I, Samuel, your chosen son, I come to you, for you have brought me up from Mercury and brought me to the house of Venus.
11. You soothed my wounds, you softened my soul and gave me golden bread to eat. In your house, O father Eli, I could hear the voice of God speaking to me.
12. My flower of gratitude will bloom forever. You have opened my door to heaven.

The second flower

13. Three times I heard the voice of the Lord, and three times you spoke to me that it was not you.
14. You directed me to the flower, the flower of Venus. This flower blooms from my heart to this flower, which spoke to me.
15. The flower that gave me life, the flower that gave me golden water to drink, I will serve You forever.
16. My flower of obedience will never fade.

The third flower

17. Father Moses, where are you? You were the bearer of this flower, you touched the side of my chin and made my heart juicy.

18. The heavenly flower within me will lead me to your heart, where all the juices are gathered.

19. Take me to my workshop, take me to my heavenly armor, so that my head can float in your heaven to dwell there forever.

20. Let me enter your gardens of heavenly words to hear your voice again.

21. Let the flower of understanding follow my veins. Mix it with my blood, so that I may be yours forever.

The fourth flower

22. Flower of Mary, fly again, open your womb and show me your children.

23. Your milk was softer than the softest honey and sweeter than the sweetest fruit.

24. You brought me the sword of Adam, to open the gates of Eden again.

25. Fly, my rainbow, the heavens will open for you.

26. Flower of Eve, mother of a thousand mothers, take me to your home and understanding, take me to the flower of flowers, for your keys reach to the last heavens.

27. Open the rivers with your flower, the flower of birth.

28. Take me to the last ocean that washes away the last tear.

The fifth flower

29. The fifth flower, flower of Joseph, flower of dreams, enters my heart, to warn my father Eli.

30. Awaken him again to lead your people and open his eye. Give him the heart, my inner father, to awaken his sons.

31. Let him walk in the path of Joseph, give him the wings of Benjamin, to enter his house again.

32. Venus, let not thy flower sink, raise up thy house anew, to be a house of corn in the midst of famine.

33. Rise up again from the desert, O ruler of Egypt, thou art the golden flower.

34. Let thy life-streams encircle the land, to exalt Abraham's table. Let Noah be his guide.

The sixth flower

35. The last flower, the last judgment, to wash away the sea, to wash away the table.

36. The last flower that makes all the flowers bloom in one. One flower will bloom when you sleep, one little flower will wake up above you.

37. Go to sleep, infant earth, go to sleep, infant sky, for tomorrow is a new day.

38. And in the middle of the night the wind will come to make this flower sleep too, so that the night can wrap its wings all around you, so that the cold of the night can enter your veins to cool your earth.

2.

The day after Eden

1. You are still living in the day after Eden, not interested in what really happened there. You stole the flowers from Eve's garden,
2. and you killed the snake for sixty-six pieces of gold. Are you sure it was the right snake?
3. Are you sure you shot correctly when you shot with your eyes closed?

4. The eagle's flight made a golden path for the traveler. There was a golden thread. The eagle's wings warmed the heart and soothed his soul.
 5. Could you hear the bells ringing when you were born in your little box on earth?
- Or were you consumed by your own fears and ghosts created by the little box to keep you there?

The box in the box

6. But do you know that this new world is also a box, with its own people and its own fears and ghosts? Do you know that when you step out of it, you enter an even greater world?
 7. When you begin to realize the box within the box, when you see that the life you get after the escape is also nothing but a box within a box, with its own laws and its own keys,
 8. then you begin to realize that you are never really free. You are only free when you escape this circle of boxes, when you wear the ring, when you master the boxes of life.
9. The yellow flower grows from sky to sky. It doesn't ask you to open the box, it doesn't ask you to seal the box.
 10. It wants you to fly and forget the boxes. It wants you to wear the ring of heaven.

The maze

11. If you forget time and meet the Maker, you can fly on eagle's wings and reach the yellow flower that blooms deep in your heart, to meet the maze in which we are free.
12. Because in the maze there are no boundaries, in the maze there are no teachers. There are only doubts and oceans of confusion.
 13. It seems never ending, it gives no boundary or end. It always creates more questions and more secrets.
 14. When you think you're out, you're in, and when you think you're on the right, you're on the left.
15. But in this uncertainty truth rises, in this despair the heaven of answer appears. We see all our memories and predictions chasing us.
 16. Thought wants us. But we do not touch these walls, we do not listen to these mirrors. In the maze we just want to find the way out.
 17. But in the endless maze we never find the way out.

18. We are destined to get so lost that we die like a seed in the ground, in the center of the maze.

19. It will pull us there, it will pull, because its purpose is to turn us into a yellow flower.

20. He seeks the reflection of the yellow flower. He comes out of his box, dressed in the yellow of the yellow flower, but it is torn and dies, in the middle of the maze, in the middle of the box.

21. His old comrades chase after him. The dream broke. He is now a part of the yellow flower, still dying, still torn, but blooming inside.

22. The sky of the yellow flower warms him and brings back old desires, the desires to be free, the desires to meet the reflection.

23. He struggles with old writings from his past. They try to devour him, they try to bring him back to the little box.

24. He reaches for the yellow flower, reaching for the eternal flower.

25. Thus they march to catch a glimpse of the yellow flower, to catch a glimpse of their fathers and mothers.

26. Father, is it really you? You spoke to me about this yellow flower since I was young. You told me about the garden where it grew up.

27. The yellow garden has a part in my head, a part in my heart. This maze you told me about was the gardener of this yellow garden.

28. You told me that this gardener knew what to do.

29. Mother, are you there? Your yellow nectar still hums in my stomach. The red church was the place where you used to pray. My mind is dizzy when I think of you.

30. As if everything is floating away. When the day is over, we are just seeds marching away to become a new flower. This new flower is nothing but a seed too.

31. We are all waiting to be sown again, the seed within the seed. Every day we are sown, every night we rise and tomorrow morning we know what we need to know.

3.

The forest

1. You entered the gate to the forest. You came to a forest lake. The further you swim in this lake, the more your skin color changes into the colors of nature.
2. When you crossed this lake, you could go to the third gate. You had reached the other side of the lake and you crawled through the mud and sand of the forest bank.
3. You had survived your memories, you had survived the cutting points. You said goodbye to them. You crawled through the forest leaves, through the moss and the mud.
4. The atmosphere here is very humid. Then suddenly a large snake appears in front of you and a struggle begins.
5. You feel its cold body twisting around you and you can even feel its blood flowing through its veins.
6. It bites you in your lower back and you scream, but your legs begin to pull it down and your grip is very tight. You feel that an enormous force has come into your legs.
7. You feel that you are getting the wildness of the forest, that you are becoming one with the forest, and you bite its neck, digging your nails deep into its skin.
8. You have survived your fears, frustrations and confusion, which the snake represented. But your body is bleeding and your wounds are deep.
9. You now come to a place with hills of warm sand, and the further you crawl through this place, the hotter the sand becomes.
10. You feel the sand covering your moist wounds, which you feel as a healing. The atmosphere is peaceful and there are some small bushes here.
11. It is as if soft, sweet milk is flowing through your veins.

The wild flowers

12. You enter a field of wildflowers and you feel your skin blossoming. You begin to feel like a flower and you feel your body being adorned as if you were wearing fragile torn clothes,
13. but wasps dive on you and try to sting your nipples to suck all the milk and honey out of you.
14. At the end of the field you see a gate that you can go through. You are now standing in front of a huge abyss, with a bridge. You walk on the bridge and you start looking down, and you get the shivers.
15. The bridge suddenly stops somewhere above the abyss where you can sit on the back of a giant eagle that is as big as you.
16. Further and deeper into the abyss there is an island floating in the sky. The eagle takes you there. Here you will have to fight lions, panthers and giant spiders.
17. In the middle of the island you will find a ladder of threads that will lead you out of the abyss.
18. You are now standing on the other side of the abyss and your skin looks like a rainbow. Your wounds and scars are so beautiful because they speak of your courage and perseverance.

19. These wounds and scars will be the key to the heavenly flower that you have been looking for. You are now eating the heavenly fruit and you feel the soft, clear juices flowing through your mind and veins.

20. You feel reborn by these currents and you start swimming in them, following them deeper into this new world. You see the tropical fish swimming close to you.

21. You are about to reach the heavenly oceans and seas. You fly on the backs of tropical birds and you reach another island in the middle of these seas and oceans.

22. Here you drink the milk of coconuts and feel the warm and cool sea breezes of the sky.

4.

Where all tears collide

1. He was all over tenderly adorned with small white satin and from his lips was sweet dripping. I felt that he was blooming. I asked him where he came from and he said from the sea of tears.
2. I asked him who he was and he said that he was my reflection.
3. His appearance was like a child, but his stream was mature. He seemed to be the man of contradictions.
4. I asked him where he would go. He said: back to the sea of tears. I asked him how he would do that. He said that tears are the line between opposites.
5. Tears all hit each other, flowing from one to the other.
6. Tears can be shared, and the more they are shared, the more they will seem like tears of joy.
7. Tears are the only means which can search the heart. Tears are the only way to saturate the mind.
8. Tears are the bridges that unite lives. Tears are the keys to unlock the hidden parts. Tears are brought to soothe us.
9. Tears are brought to soften our dry, hard souls. Tears cannot be broken, tears cannot be sealed. Tears can only be drunk and turned into truth.
10. Don't throw away the key. Don't waste your chance. They come and they go. Don't miss it. I asked heaven to let you discover these treasures, I asked heaven to let you see them.
11. From heaven above it was given, as a ship to reach the harbor, as a cup to soothe your pain. Let the river flow from one to another.
12. Don't be ashamed to show your pain. Only when you let your pain flow can it be resolved.
13. Only when we sow our tears can they become trees. Tears are the reflections in which we can see ourselves. Tears are the reflections in which we can see others.
14. A vale of tears, a sea of reflections, that remind me of the past. Follow the streams of tears. They speak and bring us back where we belong.
15. We belong to the memory.
16. Tears, the past of heaven. Tears are the boats to go to the past, tears are the vehicles to enter the hereafter. Tears are the vehicles to reach each other.
17. In the intersection of all timelines exists the miracle, the miracle of remembrance, the miracle of unification. Tears reflect who we really are, lies will fade away.
18. To listen to a tear is to lose a lie. Eyes without tears cannot see, they will only see the lie. Tears are the apples of our eyes.
19. I wanted to see wisdom. Heaven gave me the tears to see it. My tears are my eyes, my tears are my legs. With them I can do anything, a body of tears.

20. Heaven is where all tears converge. There is a doorway to paradise lost. Give it back to me. Where all the tears of the world converge, a star rises, our new world is born.

21. Work with tears, build through tears. If you want wisdom, first ask for a tear, through which you can see wisdom. If you want a friend, first ask for a tear, so that you can reach that friend.

22. Before you ask for anything, ask for a tear, and in it all other things will appear.

23. And this staircase of reflections leads me to the morning reflections... where everything becomes clear... From reflection to reflection we sail....

24. Being born again in the flower of reflections.... The nectar of this river was a good thing to drink.... It soothed the pain... Floating to the sea of reflections..... Reflections from sky to sky.

25. Reflections built the land..... Reflections built the flower fields... from tree to tree there is freedom.... on the way to where all tears collide....

26. Be glad of the tears, for they bring you reflections.... They are the jewels of a broken heart.... spreading the pollen of a new world...

27. Reflections lead me to the end of time... through waves of tears... Reflections lead me to the beginning of time... through waves of tears....

5.

Sand of the ocean

1. These bridges are made of brown flowers. The brown flowers pushed me into the rivers, They are strong and lush, In the rivers I must earn my bread ...

2. Alone in the brown night,
One night in many years, I may be in the brown flower fields,
The arrow went through the window,
And now I'm full of flowers,

3. These flowers are brown,
They traveled by the wind,
Through meadows and forests,
Until they saw me...
The arrow hit me hard,
It was deep,

4. I was hit by the arrow,
Struck by something bigger than me,
It took me in and painted the sky in my face,
The sky is still sinking into the jungle river,
The sky,
A dark...

5. The arrow brought me over the bridges,
In the dark night,
To brown flower fields,
So many waves are coming over me,

6. Water-giving conscience,
the source is like the juice of the forbidden forbidden ages,
we came alive in history to search for all these traces,

7. When night is about to fall, it descends to cover the borders of the sea, the distances blur before my sight, until the flash of a flower descends in these morning streams, taking away all dreams.

8. We must not lose our grip as we dive, this sand in the oceans, let us understand.

The Depth

9. The eternal depth, the infinite depth, in the heart of man, so hidden. And they say to you: 'Come to God', and they keep the depth behind.

10. Heaven sees through people, through Its depth. Still I feel the stripes of Your Depth. It has brought me healing.

11. Often have I thought about it, about You who always lead me. Many things I do not understand.
12. I am young, and what is a man? What is it that you look after man?
13. From my youth I have fought. Now I am ripe to forge the weapon. Many flowers have I seen dying.
14. Many trees have I seen sink. There are arrows on my bow, while songs bloom on my tongue, coming from a silent heaven.
15. For ages I have been silent, and strung together eternal words. Bereft of sense I was so long, I had to do it with heartache.
16. I feel the chastisement so long. I am ripe to lay down my life, to break the silence. And then I will depart to the heaven of silence, to be silent forever.
17. In the darkest of nights we can come to You. Yes, the veils of heaven will be rent.
18. My thoughts cannot save my feelings, I need Your Word.
19. Where they died of hunger, so full of honey are they now, safe with the bees and flowers of heaven.
20. Come, flee with me. The days of hunger have produced honey. Come, where sweet truth dwells, in the heart of the deep.
21. Come, her arms spread wide, like sweet honey. Come, greater deep is she.
22. To go naked to paradise, being enveloped by the word. Come, the honey follows her, dripping from her mouth and teat.
23. Come, the milk of the word, that is she.
24. The honey of the deep, her counsel is upon thee. She hath poured out the word, their fountain of sweet waters: now they find their way into her.
25. She brought famine in a bowl, to make honey ripen, to bring the night gamblers.
26. Honey upon the pain, she gave you the thorns in your flesh, as a bringer of dew, source of sweet honey.
27. Deep beneath the ground of your word, show us your depth.
28. I have wept with them, I have spoken with them, I have told them your words, to beautify your land as a paradise.
29. Awake me, O Lord, in thy heavens: my lips tremble, and thy song is upon my tongue.
30. You led us through the seas, you guided us through drought.
31. In your depths men are sunk in their ships.
32. Your word dripping with honey, until the nightshift arises.
33. With my head in bee nests my tongue touched the sweet, to die eternally in you, until the nightshift rises.
34. The nightshift went before me, to smite enemies.
35. Many a time have I looked for you from my tower, while the river roared and roared in the distance.

36. Our prayer is still: Knowledge, why have you forsaken me? Knowledge, why do you never come back? Only in the distance we hear the roar.

37. Come quickly then. Your flowers are still lovable, but their thorns are so sharp. Come, make yourself known again as before. My youth has set me apart.

38. Your forests, flowers of Your Knowledge. Awake, Knowledge. She sent you to the forest of the deep.

39. My body blossoms with knowledge. Threads of hunger spun, from the heavens salvation has come.

40. In a death struggle I found myself, everything that was sharp and hard crushed me, until tenderness found me.

41. White flower, tenderness after the sting, softness after death, in bitterness where I succumbed, from hunger to hunger I went, in heaven I found salvation.

42. White flower, tenderness after the stab, wounds stabbed many times, now it reflects in the wind, all those faces that I had forgotten.

6.

The yellow flower hedge

1. These are the dances of the lullaby,

He felt so alone now,

But it didn't hurt him,

It was as if he were floating deep in the seas of healing,

2. It was as if his memory no longer existed,

Because it was just a sick interpretation,

Of a split mind, while there was something in between,

So many things keeping away

3. He doesn't want to go back, he only wants to go deeper,

There is a soft thunder in the air,

White thunder, as the heavens tear open,

4. He sank into a new reality,

It was like a mosaic

When he woke up he didn't know what to do with the dream,

But it was spinning in his head,

5. It locked him in a new world,

She is the heaven of sleep,

She made all his dreams come true

6. The flower grows out of the well. It makes a bridge over the sea. Yellow flowers grow along the edge, like a wall. Everyone who goes there is confused. They fall asleep and dream strange dreams.

7. No army comes through the yellow flower hedge. They will all sleep.

8. With slow steps through the flower fields,

These flowers turn white at night.

She of the yellow flowers, once I saw her,

9. She of the yellow flowers,

She is a tunnel to the underworld

10. She taught me the secrets of the forests and the wildernesses,

She of the yellow flowers, she gave me a place.

11. She taught me knowledge,

She taught me to read and many languages,
She taught me to write and the finest arts,
12. She taught me to fight,
She of the yellow flowers

13. In her I have seen everything,
She of the yellow flowers.

14. She brought me over the ravine,
To the depths of a forest,
Where it always rains,
Always tropically

15. Now I make my journeys in a boat,
over the rivers where yellow flowers grow along the banks.
They keep me dreamy, they keep me asleep, deep asleep.
16. They give me heavenly juice to drink

17. The yellow flowers bring the Word, the Word with wonder beauty.
And they lead to a wonderful garden, a pleasure garden.

18. He has arrived. Determined to find the secret that everyone is talking about. He stares at the
plant, with strange feelings in his stomach. A paralysis came over him,
19. and he fell into the hands of healing sages. He has now had the encounter. He had waited a long
time for this, but it almost went wrong.
20. He was among healing sages for a long time.

21. He doesn't know what to do. He wanders around and can't get away. It seems like he's dead,
while he's alive. He's met the dark secret, but now he's confused.
22. He can't control his thoughts.

23. He is not authorized to contact his family. He is not given permission. He also has no idea from
whom he should get permission.
24. He thinks he is going crazy. He hates those plants now, although he knows he may be
unreasonable. Still, he has the idea that those plants are devils.
25. They are often used in all kinds of dark rituals.

26. He feels confused. He needs help, but he doesn't dare to ask for it. It's as if he's forbidden it. He
feels like he's living in a coma.

27. Nothing gets through to him. He feels as if people don't hear him, no matter what he says. They
just go on living. He even feels as if it is impossible for anyone to understand what he says.
28. They hear him, but they don't understand, and they don't seem to care.

29. He knows for sure that he is under a curse. He takes a long walk in the woods until he reaches a
river. Then he walks back.

30. He suddenly feels very warm inside. As if someone understands him, or a feeling that everything will be okay. But that is only a flash.

31. When he comes back he is depressed. It gets so bad that he goes for another walk to the river. This time he feels like he is armed, but he is unarmed.

32. Something or someone is playing a game with him.

33. He is no longer himself.

34. Something has come over him. He also feels like he can't speak properly anymore. As if no one can hear him, or at least no one understands him, as if he is speaking in a different language that no one understands.

35. He is starting to get desperate, hopeless. He feels locked in.

36. He feels that there is a war here, and that he is being called into the army.

37. He feels dreamy. He still hasn't been able to get in touch with himself. It's as if he can't reach himself anymore, as if he's slipped out of his own hands, into the depths, drowned.

38. At first he couldn't leave, and now he doesn't want to leave. Something calls him to the war. But then some time later he ends up with the healing sages. He feels broken.

39. He is wounded, perhaps even mortally. People tell him that he jumped into something. It was from quite a great height.

40. Is he losing his mind?

41. Sometimes he is unconscious. He thinks that something is very wrong with him. He is locked in a nightmare, as if he is in a coma. That is why he never gets out of here.

42. He cannot think straight. He cannot count. Everything around him is so big and far away.

43. He found himself in a rough sea, until he washed up on a beach.

44. A plant with yellow flowers,

He came here over that bridge.

There must be a way out of this maze. He could get in, but he couldn't get out.

45. He is in a half coma. He can't move properly and can't breathe properly.

46. He is afraid,

That's why he twists the words.

They are dark.

He pulls himself up on the bush.

47. Plants with flowers.

It grows on the edges of the river.

It's almost like a reflection.

48. He has no courage to discuss it in detail. He only talks around it. He is made that way. It has become his nature.

49. He drinks from the sea of flowers, and nearly chokes on her seed. Warmth comes in waves around him.

50. He tosses and turns in his bed. In the river the white flowers hang deep, with a heavy weight.

51. Everything flows into the wilderness in the deep. It is a foaming sea, wildly undulating. He looks at it, and it is as if he is in a coma. No one can hear him.

52. No one can understand him. It is as if there has never been communication. No one can convey anything. He sinks away in the white sea.

53. It takes up his time. It takes everything.

54. Waves overwhelm him, and take him deeper. He must penetrate to their secrets.

7.

The secret key

1. She was a bloody wound in my heart. I couldn't see through her, but sometimes in flashes everything was clear.
2. I longed to know her. She was my inner wound. It was a fertile place, like the garden around the sky in my thoughts.
3. The wound was too watery to say anything. Everything I grabbed seeped away.
4. It grabbed my heart, and showed me a hole in the garden.
5. There was a special language engraved in the ring, certain signs.
6. It lost its meaning entirely. No one knew what it was anymore.
7. No one could stop me anymore. She was my inner wound.
8. She was the secret. She lived deep inside.
9. I went up a stone staircase, where I saw her standing, my inner wound, with a knife and a spear. She also had a bow with arrows. Everything began to spin.
10. I had no strength to stand up. I was locked up. I found it dangerous, and brought it back, but I could not find my way out anymore.
11. But then I was seen as a danger. People wanted to get rid of me. I always sought out danger, and it always saved me. It was my secret key.
12. Everything is hazy here. I will handle her with care.
13. No one could find me now, only the yellow butterfly. The yellow butterfly was a key in me. The whisperers of the universe had to have me.
14. He was the butterfly of trauma. I was bleeding. I fell to the ground, and the butterfly picked me up.
15. I can't tell much about it. It was the darkest hole of my life. Into a sea grave I went, and I became a whisperer myself.
16. Whisperers give poisoned milk. They confuse others, because they are afraid that someone will enter their heart. They are inimitable. They are oracles. With riddles they guard their bridges.
17. They tear everything apart, and then build it up again.
18. They have stung,
And now everything is soft as honey.
I had no choice,
I couldn't go back anymore.
19. In daylight I was a wave in the sea,
Until the honey finds me.
Honey on my face,

stung by bees.

20. It brings us home,
Over land and over sea,
Deep in the wilderness,
Surrounded by wasp nests

The wasp's nest guards my memory,

21. It wants to give me another point of view,

Another place to live in,

They deal in memories,

The wasp will continue to sting,

22. until the memory is open,

until the memory is in the right place,

until it is understood

23. It was to die several times to come to the deepest death. Those who came there lost themselves to become experiments. There was taught about the experience of dreams.

24. There were waterfalls here, and strange cryptic experiments.

Here you looked straight into the faces of a higher milk. There was no other way to enter but through the strange bewilderings.

25. Here you have to put your mind into certain patterns.

26. There were several walls that no one could cross. These walls kept the different realities separated, and in his reality he was the chosen one.

27. Was he the only survivor? He had the Word. Are we the only survivors? he asked.

28. There must be more, said the woman. His memories were the Word. He could use it whenever he needed it. The woman took him to a market where words were traded, and words were exchanged.

29. He was to build the best Word.

30. The women on the island were dark and cruel. He did not trust them. Other men warned him not to go any further.

31. These women could not be trusted.

32. It was as if the past no longer existed. Here was only the fortunes of death.

33. Here they could experience the lost dreams and nightmares.

34. He didn't dare to move.

He found that his weapons were keeping him locked in.

35. It comes through flower fields. He sells good dreams,
All illusions

36. They follow him beyond the mountains,
Where the flower fields turn into seas.

37. It broke through the city,
Nobody knew where it came from

38. I had seen her from a distance, and she was coming closer and closer.

39. And the garden red as blood, hid her precious stones, clotted salvation. And snow-white lace covered her feet, and she was the blossom of the morning eye. Red blossoms enveloped them.

40. He sits on the white sand. Here and there lie some leaves.

41. 'I want to know more about the danger,' he said. Above him he saw bushes, like a well. He was sucked in, and came to a place where there were a lot of women. On the soles of their feet were the names of their murdered husbands, whom they themselves had murdered on their wedding night.

42. 'I must abstain from illusions,' he says. He had to vomit spontaneously. He felt different. He felt himself sliding down a long, deep pit. There was more and more vegetation.

43. It led all the way underground, but it was also a very dangerous labyrinth.

8.

The Heavenly Path

1. Because of her he could finally forget the past.
2. Now he was not the same anymore.
It always manages to find him again.
3. They keep their distance,
How then can we trust your words?
Are we not all as blind led by the blind?
4. Tears on a day of ice
I called her, but she didn't seem to hear me, or didn't want to hear me,
Then I climbed up to her, but slipped further away than before,
In the pits of snow, to the lakes of ice,
Until an ocean flooded me
5. A wave overwhelmed me, and now I'm here,
We cannot approach her,
We'll slide down to the ice
6. I begged to the knowledge,
But I slipped even further away, into a dark river area
7. We cannot approach her, she is the distant one,
She lives far away and high on the tear,
Therefore be thankful for every tear in your life,
She reflects her
8. We saw her through a mystery,
As through the reflections of her tears
9. We come to her,
Over a bridge of tears
10. Stripped of all humanity,
Follow it, back to the tear
11. Thus we can become human again by hearing the tear, its voice
12. I called her and she didn't come,
I had to go deeper first,
To the reflections of her tears

13. Thus the reflections in their heads revolve,
They don't see her,
Only the reflections of knowledge

14. We are lost in a reflection,
In a paradise of reflections,
We do not know the knowledge,
Oh knowledge, let us find You

15. Heavenly knowledge, enthroned on the tear,
Stored in the tear,
In ice

16. So many watchers,
As the guardians of the tear,
But she is deep in the wilderness

17. You brought me to Paradise, in Your Will I want to go.

18. I want to be in your secret.

19. You open my curtains to sweet dreams.

20. You hung it in my hair and sealed my forehead.

21. Open your heavenly way, a heavenly path. Watch over our souls, grant your word as a passage over bridges.

22. The rest of your lovely shelter, under the wells you have placed it, we come to you. We close our eyes, and think of you. Of you, who gave us life, of you who sought us out in our dungeons and wells, and led us to the deeper way. From below you came. Let us then come closer.

The paradise island

23. Take us into Your loving hand, into Your paradise, where we can live in peace. Heal us, and teach us. Thank You for coming to us. Yes, deep into Your wells we sank, until You took us to the depths of You.

24. At the bottom of our wells we found Your way. Lead us, take us with you.

25. Flood me with your glow, a blooming, growing morning flood.

26. I grow when you touch me. I blossom when you think of me.

27. I always come to your dens. I have never been so deep as now, in the depths of your fields, come now, and awaken my deepest desires.

28. To this paradise island, she is the field heaven, the Heavenly. Flood me now too, do not forget me. Let me enter into You, I am made equal to You.

29. Protect me from the cold. My heart is so cold, I am like a block of wood, until you kiss me, then I wake up to my heart's content. Then I feel everything in me blossom.
30. I have fled to Your depths, for the enemy was after me, now I have kissed her. I always seek You, I always dream of You. Often I cannot sleep, it makes me so tired. I give You my whole life, where else can I go.
31. They are after me. To You I can flee.
32. I come safely, but I cannot find your dwelling place. How long will it be? Take me, I am poor, too weak to come to you, but too strong for the enemy to be taken away. Take me, I am poor, I cannot find your dwelling place, everything flows away from me.
33. Please, lead me, bring me back to the path.
34. I hear your voice far away, but you do not make yourself known quickly.
35. They have betrayed me, and therefore I flee to You. I have not yet come to Your dwelling place, but quietly and step by step my dream will come true.
36. Did you ever hear me, when I prayed to you. Did you ever see me how I longed for you. My heart was already pounding in my head when I was young, when I sent poems to you. Poems of adult language, but you sent me to the wilderness.
37. Heavenly of the mountains, do not think that I am strong enough to fight the sharks. I am still young, and weak. Do not punish me too much. Do not think that I am wise enough to deceive philosophers. I am still a child, tender and helpless in the wild hand of the earth.
38. Shape me like clay, make me strong in Your hand. But You have given me only weakness, in a dream world I am now. I am too weak to stand up. A savage I am now, on my journey I never rest.
39. Guide us through the dark days, teach us to know You better.
40. I can't see you, you're too far away. I can't hear you, your voice is so far away. I only hear a whisper, but who is it, I don't know. Is it your messenger, or is it just the wind. You come too late everywhere.
41. Why have you cast us away, when we seek you in darkness? Take us with you. Take us to you.
42. We run into walls, we can't do anything. Our voice keeps bouncing back, doomed to die. And you're always too late.
43. How do I get there, how do I know your heart. Through pain, I come to other land.
44. Is there no other way, must we suffer forever, is there no other entrance? Please, tell me. Can time be bridged?
45. I still don't know you, after this night. I still don't see you, you, all unbearable beauty. I don't hear you, where have you gone. Here lie tears from the past, where are you? Have I been betrayed again? Where else can I go.
46. Very soft in the morning, modestly you stand at the gates, with your hand outstretched. Soberly like the poor you are dressed, like the lushness of the tide. Beauty of tender words you spread.
47. All I need is you, the earth wants to tear me apart, protect me.

48. And thus the enemies, through their fall, have become flowers.

49. And She arose, and spoke her words, and they were very soft and tender. And she spoke and said: 'To you are given the keys of the mysteries of Her.' And I saw a raging sea before me, whose waves moved slowly and violently.

50. And out of the sea they came up, and they were the eternal ones. And then I saw slowly moving cloudy skies.

51. Thus you come to the river of heaven. In it are all the fruits of suffering and the fruits of death. In it is eternal life. But those who eat of these fruits prematurely will die the eternal death.

52. And therefore she has always kept it hidden, lest by eating the fruit of death you should die forever.

53. Therefore: Blessed are those who have reached heaven. Yes, it came down quickly upon you, to turn into ice. Yes, your struggle was laborious on earth, but through heaven it came as rain upon you. And the seasons then are to reach the warm regions of heaven.

54. Penetrate unto them. Thus is it the way leading to the deeper heaven.

55. And then step into her boat. To the deeper heaven you have come. Like the sea in the desert I feel myself, the heavenly sea. To her I have come, like the softness of the heaven. Here I make my home.

56. You have come to heaven, those of the soft. When they sting you feel the soft. Now I am stung by the softness. I am stung, to go deeper to heaven.

57. And so I came to the depths of heaven, into Her. And there are seas in deserts, Her seas.

58. She sits by the desert sea, in the sand. Do you want to reach deeper into the heaven ? Then follow her. She brought me to the ice sights.

59. They and all their strange languages. After the winter comes the dark, the dark season with all its dark seas and dark dwellings. Very soft are their stings.

60. After their winter came the darkness, the Word of the dark seas and their dwelling places. Here it is always too late.

61. I stand before a court of liars. Oh, sting me deep, and make me drunk, for among such liars I shall not make it.

62. And her heavenly eye gave me great visions, and I came to an island in the sea. Stinging fishes swam around it, but they stung only in tenderness, to make the visions grow.

63. What happens we can better see behind glass. It will surely grip our soul. We see Her behind tear glass, tears hardened as stone. Behind tear glass is the wild wilderness.

9.

The vagueness of the flowers

1. Tears like fiery stones between you and me,
2. I look through it,
And see you in a different way,
I see another side of you,
And can place it better
3. Everything here is behind tear-filled glass,
The secret of the flower
4. You'll never get here,
Always revolving,
Until the wind pushes you away
5. It should remain vague,
If you make it too obvious, you get locked into it,
In vagueness you can always continue to grow,
And the meanings can change
6. This is the vagueness of the flowers,
They speak, but they are not heard,
The plants don't understand,
They have their own lives
7. They only capture fragments,
And give it their own meaning,
The more words you use,
The more you veil again

Blood will turn to nectar

8. It will probably be more complicated than what I think now,
Too much stuff stuck in the same place
9. They splashed me stiff, but now I wear the flowers of suffering.
They have stung me stiff with stings, but now I bear the honey of suffering.
10. I have ornaments in my hair, like the ornaments of suffering.
They stung me,
and now I am honey from suffering, too much broken,
too much stung in the same place.

11. They created a wound within a wound there,
like a watery trauma, no more strength to get up.
And the last thrust was to kill,
to open my eyes. She stang me deeply.

12. Then you eat honey after you have been stung too much.
Take them to the fields

13. They stung me too much, but now they are dead.

14. Do we have power over death, if we are stung too much,
when blood turns to nectar.

15. I will come until the morning, to turn everything back,
They have stung me too much,
They have broken me too much.
Everything hurt,
There is no end to the dark ice,
The miracle happens within,

16. The flower announces the end,
And then everything is in the Word, behind tear-filled glass.

17. The last thing you spoke to me is now behind tear-glass, behind fiery rocks, in the Word.
I stare at it and it doesn't hurt me anymore,
I can distance myself now, but I'm still shaking

18. I still remember that I came bleeding,
But now I'm doing better

19. A strange feeling wanders through me as I stare at it,
Like nectar from flower pouches flowing through me,
Like the wonder milk

20. Nectar and honey are my friends,
It is the breath of life happiness,
Pleasure in the game that has been won,
Pleasure to have the earth no longer oppressive

21. Warm nectar,
My mouth full of the milk of life,

The earth sealed the past

22. So many storms that the sea carries,
It is bubbling with lifeblood,
Endlessness of the nectar,

23. Everything goes in circles here,
Life ends and then continues,
The flower keeps the ships away from the secret

The Red Sea

24. The eternal darkness of ice,
Lies flowing over into truth,
Until the red awakens,
To red flower fields I went,
In the home of the red sky

25. The sky of red flower fields,
Like a secret welling up in the air,
Where so many voices have awakened her

26. We go to the gate, and then over it,
We run to a new happiness,
To the red darkness

27. The happiness of war is but a field of flowers reflecting the tides,
The happiness of the seasons flowing,
From the lie to the truth

28. In her language they all have a place,
Until the red ice reveals the bewildering,
Red sky to heal the mind

29. To the Red Sea we go,
The mind veiled with red sky,
launched like honey,
A sweet dream, emerging from the dark ice

10.

The rain washes everything away

1. So then she has no prophets, but those who obey her are as hunters before her face.
2. Profound experiences peer through the tear-glass, the fiery rock.
I look at you, you look at me,
but this moment will also come to an end someday.
Deep memories between you and me,
peering through the tear-glass, but quickly they are gone
3. There is nothing left between you and me,
Tomorrow there is ice, the price of autumn, winter is coming.
Stronger than fire, the claws let go.
4. No one will do business, there is nothing left, everything is over.
Everything passes, I peer through the tear-glass, through the fiery rock, at vague memories,
I don't even know them by name anymore.
5. They play there like orphans, they don't see me, they are too far away,
If only tomorrow would come, I would be gone forever.
6. We can't carry anything forever, at the end of things we are free.
Memories I carry with me, they too shall pass away.
What am I reaching for? I feel spastic, I can't achieve anything.
All things pass.
7. I can't hold anything. And when I do, it hurts.
No, I let go of everything, before it lets go of me.
I'm too afraid to fall again.
I'm far away now, nothing can touch me anymore.
8. I can no longer grasp, I am paralyzed,
but still I stand stiff,
Snippets at the end of the day, shadows of the past.
9. I cannot build a place of residence.
I can't understand anyone.
I am as deaf and blind, everything will pass away.
10. Even darknesses pass away, and things grow colder,
A new bird flies, leaving behind its newborn young.
Everything passes, and sharp things become softer,
everything passes, even the memory between you and me.
11. I can't help it.

It's too late.
She is the weaver then,
up to the reflections.
And she said: Behold, the holy tear is made flesh.
And this tear came.

12. And she hath a ship of tears, leading under heaven.
Because without them there would be no fertility.

13. And so is the heaven, which is like Her nipple, and it has the appearance of reflections, like fiery stones, glass of tears. And so is the heaven like the ship of tears and her womb.

14. So many words broken from each other.
I don't know everything, but I know life. Everything is only for a while.

15. It pains me deeply, but it is You who called me,
Like an echo from the darkness, making all the hard soft,
until everything sinks below the sky.

16. The mirrored ice,
Reflections of a dark past,
Which show all faces

17. Here the reflections cross,
On a grand staircase, on a grand bridge
These are forgotten paths,
It goes deeper and deeper,
Where memory is the addiction,
at the source

18. The whole sky is covered in ice,
The curtains of a new world,
Vast flower fields

19. Slower and slower goes my boat,
Do you choose depth or do you choose language?
I saw myself wandering over the seas, in a boat, without clothes, only with a few white flowers over me.

20. He is always hungry, but food never reaches his mouth. His words never reach his lips. He speaks, but no one has ever heard him. He has never touched anyone, and no one has ever been able to touch him.

21. He has never been hurt, and he can never hurt anyone.

22. He is always on the way, but he never arrives.

23. He can't do anything for you. He always fades away.

24. It rains, to soothe, to bring the hunger. He is on his way to the hollow, such deep pits.

25. I found myself on the back of the Great Misunderstanding, a fish in the heavens.

26. Those shores are too far to reach.

27. Here the old dialects fight. Here the words, the endings and the languages fight for priority and honor.

28. The old dialects, the old labyrinths and mazes will put the old wars to rest.

29. The heavens speak a different language from the earth,

30. The things around us and the memories are bewilderings,
When one does not understand that language one will suffer from it

31. On the heath I saw her walking,

She didn't look up or around,
She lives past everything,
The only purpose of the tear is to change meanings

32. I was on the heath, and I began to see things differently,
I began to understand her better

33. No, it is not finished,
It continues somewhere else,
The heath is half,
The imperfect aurora,
Where the morning rises

34. The heath is poverty,
Nothing is finished,
They lost everything, to reach the wilderness,
Only in nakedness shall you enter,
The wilderness your only cover

35. The journey stops halfway, in the war,
Everything here is half,
Somewhere else the path continues,
The path ends here in the sea,

The rain has washed everything away

36. Nothing will go until the end,
Everything will go back to the beginning

37. Where the red sight is, where the sight is through flowing blood. She has no children, nor prophets. Therefore wage a Heavenly War, for only such will be with Her.

38. The disobedient will fall prey to the beasts of prey, and the doors will be closed to them. Blind and lame they will be led away to the slaughter, for they have renounced the Holy Wars.

39. The obedient have come to know themselves deeply through their poverty, and have asked for more poverty.

11.

Fed by the breasts of darkness

1. Yes, it haunts you, and the fear, and certainly also the depression, but you have come to the seed of it.
2. You have known the fear as a liar.
3. I feel calm and can breathe again. Here I make my home, and I will travel further.
4. The warmth speaks to me, a seething warmth, of strange stinging plants,
5. but when they sting you feel the soft. After their winter came the darkness.
6. Oh, how I have been betrayed. I went from lie to lie. In which army shall I now serve? From lie to lie we travel. Sting me deep, and make me drunk, for among such liars I cannot make it.
7. They are after me. That waterfall of lies, at the fountains of lies. And I fell asleep. They sting here so softly, so softly, I get drunk on them, and I came to the deeper seas, and to the oceans, until I saw a great vision, and I came to an island in the sea.
8. Stinging fish swam around here, but they only stung in softness, to make the visions grow.
9. Where knives and spears have struck, until the past opens. Where the markets are. You can do two things, but stretch yourself to the third.
10. I have many things to say to you, but I have also given dark proverbs. I have given you drink, and brought you down to the realm of the dead. Yes, I have fed you from the breasts of darkness.
11. I am more precious than vision, I am darkness. Come to my tents. I will give you new names. I have given you rest, an everlasting rest. I have brought you to the realm of the dead, where you have obtained new life.
12. I bring up messages from the past.
13. I will speak to the mountains and the hills, and seed will descend upon them for new growth. A new creation will come, entirely new, and the gods will be recreated. The clear sense of the word will be restored, and the language. I will integrate.
14. My words are power and knowledge, as the red that drops from the hills. I make war in righteousness, and in knowledge. I bring the red to the mountains and to the rivers.
15. Then you will bring forth the red of the earth, the foul red from deep underground, and the red ice.
16. Who brought you across, who made you like burning sand. She touched me in her mother tongue, seeking the solution... She brings me to the depths of existence...
17. They hide their truths among obscurity... and find each other again on hidden and remote islands... Speak to me obscure language,... lead me through the wildernesses of life...
18. I feel you through your secret language... a language of lies and of pains... Teach me to understand that language... Your language is wild and dangerous... fierce, because you do not want intruders...
19. So then the letter kills, and the spirit deceives; but knowledge gives eternal life.

20. Knowledge is the darkness that holds the greater secret. It leads to the wilderness.
21. That soul was given in paradise. The heavenly soul is heavenly poverty.
22. The hired worker was led to a place where things were so heavy that his words were swallowed up, so that he would come to the heavenly soul.
23. This would happen in the bitterness of the soul. The breath had to die in him to make room for the bitterness of the heavenly soul, so that he would have passage to the womb of darkness.
24. The hired worker was tormented to the end, until his tongue finally failed, and he became mute before heaven, until only heaven would speak through him. He was led to that dark silence.
25. Dark of skin is she, as the tents of Kedar. She is a source of the seed of paradise. Deep in the soul lies the heart, the place of hunger and knowledge. Here we are united with Her. She is like an armor.
26. The hired worker returns to nakedness, and goes into exile through poverty. She seizes him, and brings him to the underworld. She brings him to her mother, so as to come to the heart of the underworld.
27. Through this the hired worker comes to the life-giving sources of the soul. The living soul that was given in paradise means: to come to hearing and obeying through poverty.
28. Life is being in the raw, natural state, full-blooded, unmixed, like a flowing river.
29. There is still the call to live by circumcision. The circumcised wrestle with the wild beasts, and do not yield to temptations.

The rising to the day

30. Then look to heaven, where she makes everything good, with a reward for the tribes. Thus the good will be rewarded, and the evil will be exposed.
31. She will show you the way, behind the curtains of this world. Expose then the evil.
32. See, when everything is exposed, and you have received the heavenly knowledge, then all will be well.

12.

The last of the heavenly garden

1. I think I'll die if I look at her. It was like I couldn't avoid her with my eyes. I think I'll die if I look at her, that I just won't survive.

2. I dare not to look at her. She is like a mountain from which I can jump, so I do not climb her. It was a day of death, in the garden of mockery. And yesterday I was in the garden of cruelties.

3. My memories are there. My brain is bleeding. I hear her voice echoing in my head.

4. She is the last of the heavenly garden, so I cannot throw her away. She is like the inheritance. She is not out of my thoughts.

5. I am almost morbidly dependent on it. It is the warmth of my life. But still it feels like I am being dragged back and forth. I have no grip on anything, I keep slipping away, deeper.

6. This is a dead end, a fish trap.

I dare not look at it, for I will die. Everyone who looks at it turns to stone. Such is life.

7. Is this the key out of the garden, or is this the key to the garden.

8. I stumbled to the exit of this garden. I had it in sight now, and clutched my belly. Bleeding gardens, as far as the eye can see, mingled with rain, where her eye watches over. Here she has her dwelling.

9. Here she nourishes her secret, her mystery, which has been sought for ages. No, they will not find, for she watches over her secret. They all die by looking at her.

10. They were turned to stone for all eternity.

Her disciple is lost, her cup is lost. She has never seen herself.

11. If she knew, she would die, therefore she knows only half.

They know she has a secret, they just don't know what it is. They've only caught a glimpse of it, and that glimpse has blinded them forever.

12. Over there, the people don't know that they don't know.

13. People were forced to take a mark with a knife to their throat.

14. If you did not do this, you could be prosecuted, imprisoned, tortured and killed.

15. Whole tribes were wiped out. It sells a forced medicine. If you do not take it, you will be plagued with fear and harassment, persecution and discouragement.

16. The place was surrounded by oblivion, so that it was kept secret. Also, it was sealed off with dirt. Also, violence would be used against you.

17. This was also the place of temptation. In that forgetfulness you could be exposed to lies, and you could be captured,

18. and you could start to behave strangely. Therefore, extra caution was required here.

19. It is protected by the waterfalls of emptiness and forgetfulness. Deep inside there is the memory, the calling of the children.

20. So there were dangers set up to protect these secrets.

21. The medicine is to transform poison into medicine, as a separate art in warfare.

22. Enemies were revealed, the eternal conflict was shown. Those worlds had to be borne as a burden.

23. In a cave he found tablets with strange markings on them. He had to go deeper into the cave, where he found more tablets with even more strange markings.

24. He heard the roaring of large hairy animals outside.

25. The tablets had said that if she turned around, the lock would close. Had he deciphered the tablets correctly?

26. Was this really their message? Or had his misinterpretation led him here?

27. He lay stiff with fear in a cage, just as the tablets had predicted. But were his interpretations true?

28. Or had he misinterpreted the signs? Why was he here? Then hunger began to strike, just as the tablets had predicted.

29. The red sky hung over the camp. The tablets in his head were broken.

30. From this blood came everything, as something that would destroy itself. That is why the ice ages had to come

31. In her, memory is erased, layer by layer. Those who fall under the ice are lost forever, but she takes them out of the water.

32. It happens when they are at her breasts, when they are drinking her milk, then she gives them this dream.

33. You must find your way here. You must be born again, start over, after falling so deep.

34. She catches you in the depths. Without her, you would fall, shattered in the ravine.

35. The tears form a fragile, hanging bridge over a raging river, as over a ravine.

13.

The gentle river

1. The abyss is subjectivity, the changing of viewpoint. Here is the interplay between viewpoint and the changing of viewpoint.

2. We found a way into the woods. There were many long bridges here. Thus we entered an underground world.

3. I woke up in a sweat. I was staring at a war. I felt my legs getting weak, and I started shaking.

4. I woke up trembling. I was in a war heaven. I didn't dare to sleep anymore. But everywhere there is war, war between men and women.

5. I felt very weak. I didn't dare to fall asleep, but I didn't trust my surroundings either.

6. I sink into sleep. I try with all my might to wake up. I feel as if I'm in a coma .

7. What are the words that lead to life? I fight with you. My heart is tender, my words fragile, like blossoms.

8. Rain, rain from heaven ,

She broke the ice,

All roads end here, those who lose their way will find it again.

It takes me to shallow waters,

where I can start again

9. The flowers grow meters deep here,

in the ravine,

here everything is poverty,

here everything disappears when you call it

I can only keep silent

10. Your words drive me into deep silence.

You whisper softly,

With dreams in your hand,

You come to me,

You take my hand. Your Glory guides me,

11. and carry me over the raging seas. To be with you,

is better than with a human.

12. Over a sea of tears,
Over a river of blood,
You have reached the forest,
In the darkness,
Footprints in the sand,
13. Bleeding all night,
You pay a high price,
Until morning you will bear everything
Honey after a wild night

14. Place of feathers, taking the burdens away from me, you lead me to the soft, soft river. Like the rhythm of a long lost dream, you softly penetrate. But I am on the run.

15. It breaks, and then it goes back in history. He is the tear of anger, and the tear of war. He has always fought against you, until you discover the hidden. I know, you live in frozen dreams... I know you live in stones hidden...

16. I have many things to say to you, and oracles have I put before you. I have given you rest, an everlasting rest. I have told you of trees and shrubs, and their healing properties.

17. I bring up messages from times past, and behold, they bubble up and bear healing, knowledge and power. I speak to the mountains and hills, and seed descend upon them for new growth. A new creation will come, all new.

18. The plain sense of the word will be restored, and the language.

19. My words are power and knowledge, as the red water that drops from the hills.

20. It was she who said: Then let the children go, for you cannot carry them. Then build the bridge, so that they may follow, and they will not perish. She led to the red sky.

21. So then her message is full of mindbreakers. Yes, new consciousness will come over you like a wave.

22. Those who wear the jewels of the deep rivers have access to the Great.

23. Then wait for the tongues of the morning. Slowly you will forget everything again, slowly you will remember everything again, slowly it will change you.

24. And in the fields ye shall find life, and ye shall come to milk.

14.

The descent into the ravine

1. It always passes by,

So many words,

But it slides past like a wave

2. Does it even exist?

Or is it just one of my dreams?

3. I see them building bridges,

But they never arrive

It swam away,

4. It never comes back,

The way will never be shown

5. I saw them building towers,

But they are not thought of

6. I saw them digging deep holes,

But they found it not,

It was shrouded in mystery

7. Among many flowers she is like a stone,

It brings us back to the tents,
to the wilderness.

8. Not wanting to listen is the heart of a pig.

And, behold, they shall pervert his name,

And his secrets will remain hidden from them.

9. There was a man who was going along a ravine and slipped. Fortunately, he only ended up in a smaller cleft of the ravine, but there were thorn bushes in which he got tangled.

10. Finally he was able to get out of the cleft, but he was so weak and injured that he could not go up, so he went deeper into the ravine. After a long time of climbing down he came to another cleft where there was a cave.

11. As he went deeper into the cave in the cleft he got into a fight with a wolf. He had no strength left. He was weak and injured, and could not do much against the wolf. He fell to the ground, but suddenly the wolf was kicked away.

12. A boy stood in front of him. The boy took pity on the man, while the wolf fled away. The boy bandaged his wounds and carried the man deeper into the cave where he lived in a tribe.

13. The chiefs had several daughters and sons, and after the man had recovered he married one of the women, and was accepted into the tribe. He had seven sons with this woman. One day the seven sons decided to go deeper into the ravine.

14. They climbed further down, until they came to another gap. They entered a cave where they found a very large stone. Behind the stone was a fertile land. The stone said to them that it had drawn them to the fertile land, but one of the sons began to laugh and mocked the stone, saying that it was only a stone.

15. Then the stone said: 'Because you have spoken these words of madness, and have not noticed that there is life in the stone, you will die.'

And the son who had spoken the words of mockery and laughed at the stone fell down dead. Great fear fell upon the other sons, and from that time on they obeyed the stone, and had great respect for the stone.

16. And they said, 'Yes, indeed the stone has brought us to a fruitful land. ' And they lived in the fruitful land, and had children, and had good crops.

17. Because the stone no longer spoke to them or did anything, their fear of the stone began to diminish. And they did what was right in their own eyes. But one day when they visited the stone again, as they were accustomed to do, the stone began to speak to them again.

18. And the stone said, 'Behold, I am he who has led you to this fruitful land, and has made you fruitful. Behold, I will lead you deeper into the ravine. Leave this land which I have given you, that I may give you better land.'

19. But one of the sons began to protest, and began to argue with the stone, saying that they were well enough here, and that there was no point in going any further, since they had everything they needed, and that he did not want to endanger his family.

20. He wanted to stay here with his family to live in peace and quiet. But the stone began to speak: 'Because you have spoken these words of unwillingness and selfrighteousness, you will die.' And the son fell down dead after the stone had finished speaking.

21. And great fear fell upon the remaining five sons, and they obeyed the stone, and went with their families deeper into the ravine. After a long time of descending they came to a gap, where there was a cave, and where a tribe lived, and they came to great war with this tribe.

22. And they were a wild and fierce tribe, and one of the remaining sons began to complain about the stone, and he also fell down dead. Now there were four sons left, and they greatly feared the stone. And they obeyed the stone, and fought back against the tribe that had made war upon them.

23. And they lost the war, and were taken captive. And they lived in cages in the cave. But none of them dared to complain about the stone. And they had to see before their eyes how their wives and children were taken away by the wild tribe.

24. And in their hearts they doubted about the stone, but they dared not speak it. After a time they were taken out of their cages and lived in slavery to the wild tribe, and they began to forget the stone, and the fear of the stone began to diminish, for the stone was no more in their lives, and it did not speak to them any more.

25. And they affirmed their fate. So they had to work for the wild tribe. All that they had was taken from them.

26. And their wives and children were also in slavery, but some of them remembered the stone, and held fast what the stone had told them, that it would be a better land, and began to speak of it to the wild tribe that held them in bondage.

27. But the wild tribe believed not, and they mocked the stone. A strange disease came upon the wild tribe, and they became very weak. Also some of them were made blind. And they began to fear the stone. They said, 'Behold, thou hast spoken the truth,' and they set their slaves free, and gave them a portion of their land.

28. And the land was indeed better than the fruitful land that they had. And they also admitted that the stone had spoken the truth.

29. And the offspring visited the stone, and upon the stone were written great words, in all layers. And the stone was like congealed tears, like the tear-glass. And there came voices out of the stone, and echoes. And they recorded these words in the caves for the offspring, for an everlasting sign.

30. And the words of the tear-stone are written in this book. Centuries after these events, they sought for the stone, but they could not find the stone. Therefore be wise with this book, and handle it well, as a message and a lesson for the offspring.

31. And the offspring went deeper into the ravine, and they came to a deeper gap, where they had a fight with cave bears and wild tribes. There were many sand caves here, and they found their way to a primeval sea, where cave tribes lived on the shore, and where tribes lived who had huts on poles in the sea. There were also many islands.

32. With these tribes also the offspring came into war, and they won the war, and took possession of the caves and the houses on poles. One day there was a wonderful sight above the sea. A ladder of rope came down from the heavens. The offspring climbed up on it, and they came to a heaven of caves.

33. Then they sowed seed to the earth and the ravine, from which flowers came forth which grew toward this place, and through which many others might reach this place. These flowers were tough and well-endowed like jungle flowers.

15.

The land that could have been a paradise

1. I can't laugh anymore, I can hardly talk,

2. And I try to look across,
But all I see is blood and mist,
I see the blood hanging over these lands,
Over this land that could have been a paradise,
I am drawn to the depths by a great secret

3. It just keeps going on and on, I never have any rest,
For that which I could not see,
I reached for it but I missed

4. It fades away in me, and then comes back,
Worse than ever before,

5. Oh, if I could only tell you once,
But the words revolve around my eyes,
They aim arrows at me with their bows,
And then suddenly everything is quiet

6. Is there anyone who will believe me for once,
I've been walking around with it for so long

7. I don't want to make it come alive.
It's wild and uncompromising.
Can we run and hide when it wakes up?
Is there a shelter,
or is the only refuge not to believe in their reality?

8. The wilderness lurks behind the rope,
So many gardens leading down to the river,
After the wave the land will be fertile

9. They never reach the surface,
She's getting fall, she's getting winter,
But she never becomes spring

10. Here it dies in the middle of the night,
Then the dream also begins to fade away,
That's why women maintain the mirroring

11. I tried to get over her, but did you see those spears?

12. One day she changed her mind about me, but a day later she forgot.
I started thinking about her words. What did she mean?

13. And there were those who did not climb over the rope to the heavenly place, but they went deeper into the ravine, and they went on to the bottom of the ravine, and under the ravine, and they perceived that there was a sea under the ravine. Here they came to an island, but they also went away from that, further on until they came to land, and they perceived that they had come under another ravine, and this ravine was like a fruitful valley, full of vegetation.

14. And they went on under the ravine, and came to a ravine of a sea, and they began to climb up above the ravine. And they perceived that the world was different from what they thought. And they went to a place called Rodenberg, where they settled. And they began to preach the words that had been delivered to them in the ravine, and the words that they had written down concerning the events in the ravines.

15. There was something in her that could bring about the end of the world.

Everything here was so double, and everything could be turned around.

Everything slows down here,

It hurts us deeply,

So that we may awaken,

16. When the sea sets in, salt will be no medicine,
The black terror is in their eyes,

A spouting force of death,

And then everything will stop,

The nightmare turns the day,

And they will misunderstand everything,

By a kiss you will enter,

And then you will die

17. There arose a man in Rodenberg, named Jezesar, who preached the heavenly word and the heavenly teaching, and great wonders and signs followed him. Shepherds became his disciples and they began to preach in the cities.

18. The buttocks and breasts of the mother from whom you were born are the dikes against the flood,

19. They built the bamboo houses high on the shores of the sea and the rivers,
They are from a fishing tribe

20. Who told you that hunting is material?

The hunt is only symbolic, and against evil.

21. On high poles her bamboo house is built,
How did you come to fight against Her?
She will catch you like fishes.

22. When her hips move, the womb calls you,
You will be called back,
Away from all your lies and boasting

23. The eyes of the masters fall out,
They sink into oblivion

24. She collects skulls in the dark night,
She carries them to the river,
To put them on stakes,
And to lay in her hut,
She hunts in the dark night

25. Where everything ends in oblivion,
Who will rise from here?
Who will swim up over the waterfall?
Here everything has come crashing down,
Fallen to pieces on the sharp rocks,
Who will rise from here?

26. The ice beats and lashes,
And brings the poison of illusions,
In the depths she calls,
Her voice dies away in the night of ice,
But her breath is on their necks,
They can't push her away,
And she buries them in the dark night,
Under snow and ice,

27. She lets them sink in icy seas,
Thus they come to their end

28. She is a book of proverbs,
Dark proverbs are written on her heart,
She mocks all who think they know anything,
She deceives them and laughs,
She gives them what they want, but it's her snares

29. The trauma has no place here,
For there is deep vision,
We look through the memories

30. In the city they call all things by different names,
That's why I went to the white flower field,
I can observe here how things really are

31. It's always different than people say,
It always starts spinning in your head,
And then you don't know anymore

32. Through the valley of the white flower fields,
When we come to the parables,
This book is full of it,
They all fight for the book of the white flower field

33. The white flower field,
I found you there,
And took your hand

34. It led me to the other side of the white flower field,
They say goodbye and leave,
Like a white flower saying goodbye

35. What had the necklace done? And who was the supplier of that necklace? In the necklace was a tear in a stone. Here the laws of a brutal necklace applied.

36. In a world where fire and ice, war and peace, death and life, are the same. It is the world of a necklace. A world where you have mixed feelings. You want to leave, while you want to stay, because what is waiting for you outside?

37. It's a mean world, but they call it wages. It's a hard world, but they call it softness. Everything is turned around here, and everything has become everything, as in a strange fire.

38. It is the world of a necklace. Who made that necklace? But a better question is: How can it be destroyed? And if it is destroyed, will we not regret it later, because everything has become much worse since the necklace is gone?

39. The world of the necklace is there... where light is darkness.

40. It is always a surprise to everyone when that world opens up. So much confusion, but also so much clarity, where the wilderness and chaos is the only order.

41. I don't know anyone who has ever escaped from that world because there is no escape. You can only sink into all kinds of destruction. Because escape here is the same as being locked up deeper.

42. If you are entangled in this world, give up hope, for the more you resist it the deeper you become entangled in it.
43. Let us therefore give up hope concerning those who are entangled in this world, and abandon all our efforts to rescue, for we shall inevitably be swept away.
44. It is the world of those bound by the necklace.
45. A tear in a stone testifies to the tragedy of the necklace. For who is the necklace? In the world of the necklace there is no distinction between the thing and the person.
46. The fact is that the necklace must harmonize all the forces, but at what cost? Wouldn't you get tired of such a world. And where do we stand? Where are we going? It depends on how open our eyes are where we live. Our senses determine that. But above all our intellect, and that intellect must be open, and not self-satisfied.
47. What about being awakened by a kiss? That's an old fairy tale. Here you fall asleep by the kiss, to fall prey to dreams. Here the kiss is the death blow. But life and death are the same, sleeping is waking, so why do we complain? Is this then the way to the higher intellect, or do we then also lose the last thing we have?
48. And all this through the tear, a red tear, for that tear was of blood.
49. And that tear is still in the stone of the necklace. On the hills they stood, those who were bound by the necklace. They drove each other to the higher intellect, where the sting is the soft, where sleep made them rise, and the waking was the sleeping.
50. 'Entrap me then, as the snare awakens the tear of life,' spoke a youth loudly on the hills. His spear was adorned with the finest ornaments. There was no difference here between the snare and the path of life.
51. There was no difference here between knowledge and stupidity, between ugliness and beauty, between sickness and health. Everyone here was sick because of the necklace, and all the walls here were broken down. And that is why the fields were vast.
52. They were trapped in a cage made by the necklace. The necklace had made that world, a world from which no one could escape, only sink deeper into.
53. It was a world where beauty was equal to filth. They could not escape from their cages.
54. And what do those who look at the book see? Stones in which tears are stored. It changes as you look.
55. After a long day, there are no letters left, only flesh and blood.
56. There is no difference between pain and pleasure, for the necklace has broken down the wall.
57. No difference between the slaver and his slave.
58. Some tried to fathom the necklace... Who was the necklace?
59. I showed them the way to the necklace, and I never saw them again.
60. I sought to enclose myself, only to discover that it was the same as nakedness. Was I already in the world of the necklace?

61. There was no difference here between the hunter and the prey.

16.

The morning river

1. Dirty flowers grow by the side of the great river,

They stare at us with dirty faces,
Covered in mud

2. They are one with nature,
It's always been like this

3. The bridge over the river never arrives, but leads somewhere else,
In the middle there is always fog,
These two countries do not know each other,
The bridge never told them the truth about each other

4. And dirty flowers grow by the watershore,
With their dirty faces they don't care,
They guard the secret,
In the river all time disappears

5. We grab and we miss,
Oh, those flowers smell sweet,
But we can't touch them,
Behind a large fence they are

6. What should we do with the mystery of religion?
It is a part of literature,
Keep reading and it will sort itself out

7. And I look into the face of awakening,
And I see the dark night turn into flowers,
They grow in the water

8. I came to the bridge, where many mothers were with their children,
And people, many people,
The bridge was wide and white,
And they spoke that somewhere in the middle of the bridge,

There is no more time,
There is a fog where everyone loses each other

9. I wondered why so many had come to this bridge,
But I saw that there was no other choice,
There was a war in their country,
And their land would perish

10. And religions were created to try to escape the power of the bridge,
And people began to doubt the story of the bridge

11. I went up the bridge, and walked until I came to fields of white flowers,
I saw no one anymore, I was all alone,
Suddenly I felt a hand,
And I woke up

12. On the other side of the bridge there was also a war,
That land too would perish,
There was only life on the bridge

13. You were created in a paradise oracle,
Open your eyes

14. You were created in a field of flowers, in a garden,
As curtains of the wilderness,
Open your eyes

15. You were created along the shoreline,
Among dirty flowers,
You didn't get the message

16. They drew you to the depths of the river,
And there was no answer to your questions,
They told you stories to distract you from the secret,
They circled your heart like bees guarding the honey

17. A messenger was sent to you, but you understood him not,
He stung you

18. You tried to bribe him with mountains of gold,
But he kept stinging relentlessly,
For it is the tax of heaven

19. In me you have your answer,
I am the One who guides you,
I am the One Who pays out the wages after taxes

20. I am the One after the great white war

21. Flowers of darkness,
Stretched out to great provision,
Their vast fields bear the sight

22. They come to the morning river,
The water flows faster,
They release those who are entangled in the seaweed

23. You were created in a flower full of honey,
With a honey crown on your head
You are still the revelation of existence

24. Oh sea of the lonely,
Growing so deep,
Circling the revelation,
What you are yourself

25. You defeated giant and beast by this revelation,
You reached deep, and all you took was the soft,
Oh, honey in a hollow tree

26. Did you hear what the butterfly said?
No, they do not know this creation,
They live only in their own stories

17.

The secret of eternal youth

1. Some try to seize her,

But they stumble,
You can't grab anything here,
Everything slips away

2. On the ice they try to get further,
To escape the darkness,
But would the ice hold them?
There they fall deep into the river,
The darkness holds them

3. Until they find the sight that awaits them

4. The morning betrays, I have seen it myself,
The morning laughs at you, where waking is but a chain

5. Darkness is on a high mountain,
While the morning in the valley deceives the fools

6. I swim over a sea,
I'll never reach the other side,
But it is to get to the dream,
The deeper world

7. I swim over a sea,
That island is not there,
I build here on the great nothing

8. I'm sliding deeper and deeper into the valley,
I am at the valley flowers,
At the revelation of time behind the tear-glass

9. The valley reaches to the sea,
The latter rain of the autumn tide

10. I try to open the locks,
But they turn, and they always change

11. In the dream of the sea,
Wave after wave it comes,

Strike after strike

12. Tears of blood, that mingled with the water. The sea is wild.

13. Here all time stops. Everything goes back to the past. The secret of eternal youth is here.

14. Even when you think you're awake, you're still dreaming.

15. In an immensely deep abyss all space stops, as if thoughts stop here, as if all thoughts crumble here.

16. Here we can go no further, but here we are driven back into space again.

17. But where does the sea manifest itself in space?

18. Many can never come to this area, for the river is an endless river.

19. All her faces. They have pierced your heart. Why do you want her back? She could not bear it. The ice pulls her, more than anything. You do not know her.

20. The seas are the nightmares of your life. No, they will never understand her, They will perish in confusion.

21. She has washed herself in blood. She rises with bow and spear,
Ready for the hunt, and she takes you along,
But she is unreachable,
She is the plague of nightmares

22. Life is a nightmare,
You must wake up,
Someone is striking you with fists,
The woman raises the glass of tears,
to hide everything behind it

23. Now you may only look at it, but you may not touch it,
Everything is under Her care,
Everything seems to be changing here

24. It all turned out to be just a dream. Is everything as it is? Is everything as it seems?

25. This world is made of tears,
And on so many pillars of tears is this world built,

26. You must change your point of view.
Prayer means listening, for She shows you what to pray for.

27. We enter by the rope. There is no other way.
28. And all this by changing your point of view.
29. The point of view creates many problems in the world.
30. This is why the viewpoint must be changed.
31. You feel the flowers when your hand touches them.
32. It gives a vision, a multiple point of view.
33. I have this heavenly book. I want to put this book in someone's heart.
34. Give this heavenly book to others, the things I put in your heart,
35. Through the endless change of the point of view,
Like the flood.
36. Your mighty voices are like rivers.
37. In the ravine I climb from reality to reality.
38. All these realities seem to be turned against each other,
This ravine is endless, without beginning or end,
We were all born somewhere halfway down this ravine

39. I look outside and all I see is water,
Then it breaks through the windows,
If I then swim to another ravine, that ravine is exactly the same, but with one small difference,
The revelation of changes

18.

The eternal rejuvenation

1. These seas are too big,
These seas are unbridgeable,
These seas are endless,
All in these seas will turn into fish
2. There is no getting through,
They can only dream here,
Until the nightmare strikes,
They will be a fish
3. They shall go to the womb,
No mention of memories
4. The nightmare,
Until it overflows into fields of flowers
5. She tells a parable,
She doesn't keep hanging on to the drama,
It always goes deeper
6. The earth splits open,
I can see the layers,
Here are the changes
7. They come from far away,
They grow on the ways and on the roofs,
Over the deserts and over the seas
8. They come from the seed of plants,
They come from the depths of the river
9. The seed appears like clouds over the cities,
And then it explodes,
It will rain seed,
Rain in paradise
10. I sink deeper into the river of seed,
Until I begin to turn into a bush
11. I was born from stone,

Now the army rises,
We will be like stone,
Harder than the stone of the city,
We break windows,
We demolish buildings,
Their monuments, all in mourning

12. I saw the earth being created,
I am the garden boy,
I remove the stones that don't belong there,
No more memories of the city,
The garden gates are closed

13. In the sea, salty warm water, and fresh waves,
It's a pure mix,
The trees on the coast stare at them,
Of those hanging jungle trees

14. She stares at him, and then at his eyes

15. He stares back,
Then he looks a little lower,
But then something calls him back,
He can't look at her for too long

16. He is nailed to the ground, the soft sand beneath his feet in the sea

17. She calls to him, but a wave overwhelms him,
She swims towards him

18. She pulls him to the side,
She takes him to her tents

19. He sleeps on a mat,
She sleeps on a higher bed

20. The world is blind and has become glass of tears,
In the wilderness they live

21. He was in her dark hut.
It was as if he could feel the warmth of her body.

22. It was as if she was calling him.
It was as if he heard her whispering.
He came closer, and it was as if the warmth from her body was building.

She was like the war sky.

23. He felt weak, helpless.

Dark memories from a distant past overcame him.

He had the idea that she was the heaven of war, the mother of the wilderness, of the hunting grounds.

24. His life was suffering because of her.

He had nowhere to go.

25. It made him a thinker, a philosopher, and in the country there was reform after reform. And it didn't stop there.

26. His dream was a paradise, and he wanted to make it come true. The trauma had to end.

27. The fence of the garden was high, with spikes. Many died there.

28. He led them to a cave where the stone he was guarding was. It turned out that the stone was also good for other things. Often those who touched the stone became much younger.

29. The forest behind the cave leads deep, very deep, to the secrets of existence and rejuvenation, yes, even eternal rejuvenation.

30. You must go deep, deep. Here are the secrets of rejuvenation, in the deepest point under the ground.

31. The deepest corner is a very large forest, with many secrets.

32. Do you want to know what others have forgotten? That truth is sweet and dark.

33. The forest of the deepest part of the earth, on the edge of the great nothing.

34. Speak into the flower, and you will hear its echo, but it will be slightly different from what you said.

35. Everything he said was simply twisted by the flower. The secret of rejuvenation is upon you. A sap began to squirt out of the flower. It was very sticky.

36. He became warm inside for a moment, and the warmth began to flow rapidly through him, back and forth, back and forth, like bubbling waves. Then the flower gushed out a heavenly word. Take this word with you to the upper world.

37. As soon as someone started to occupy himself with the book, the nectar of the flower would enter his head, and he would become younger and younger.

38. There was fog everywhere, and somewhere it just stopped, as if he had come to the edge of a river, but there was no water. The moss just stopped somewhere, and at the edge there were a lot of trees. He tried to see if he could see the other side. There was so much fog. He started calling softly.

39. There is indeed nothing there, but behind the nothingness, that is where we live. We can take a boat across the nothingness to get here, but we never actually do that.

40. After a while they arrived at a forest beach, where there were tall trees immediately behind it. The forest beach was very narrow.

41. It's almost always dark here.